


6-2008

UA32/4/1 Women & Kids Learning Together Summer Camp

WKU Gender & Women's Studies

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Women & Kids Learning Together
Summer Camp June 2-6, 2008

a Women's Studies Project of Western Kentucky University

About WKLT Summer Camp 2008

A project of the Women's Studies Program at Western Kentucky University

Women & Kids Learning Together Summer camp is in its third year. A free week-long day camp for low-income women and their children (ages 6-14), WKLT focuses on the arts, and physical and emotional wellness, and practical living, in order to help improve the lives of low-income women in the Warren and surrounding counties. Through workshops and teambuilding activities, the women engage in new experiences, learning to express aspects of themselves that they probably have not done before. The same is true for the participants' children, who are encouraged to be creative and to express themselves in positive and healthy ways.

This year the women and children participated in workshops on drawing, photography, poetry, theater, and beading. The camp also provided practical living workshops on cooking healthy meals for less and financial aid (with representatives from WKU and KCTCS), as well as wellness workshops, including yoga and maintaining healthy relationships. One day was devoted to field trips. The women went to Loucon Retreat Center, where they took part in team building activities. This year, the children included spent one day at the Nashville Science Museum and the Bowling green Humane Society.

Fourteen WKU students served as counselors and camp coordinators. They participated in planning meetings, attended all camp activities, and wrote a reflection paper about the experience. Each student had both leadership and mentorship roles to fill. The camp is demanding, but students almost unanimously claim to appreciate the growth they experience.

Our objective is to help improve the educational, economic, and personal circumstances of low-income women in Warren and neighboring counties who would benefit from further education. Overall, Kentucky ranks as the 3rd worst state for women, according to the Institute for Women's Policy Research. The Governor's Task Force on the Economic Status of Kentucky's Women (2002) also found that Kentucky ranks 47th in measures of women's economic and social autonomy, ranks 49th in the percentage of women with 4 or more years of college, and ranks 50th in health and well-being of its women. It is evident from these numbers that women in this area are in need of assistance and encouragement.

Outcomes for the participants (women and children):

- o empowerment and improved self-esteem;
- o improved opportunities for work and education
- o exposure to higher education environment

Outcomes for WKU students:

- o empowerment as they gain confidence as role models for the children;
- o experience with applying classroom discussions to real-world situations;
- o experience with issues affecting the broader community;
- o experience with planning and executing a major project;
- o experience interacting with others in committees;
- o experience sharing ideas, receiving criticism, and reflecting on the process.

Jennifer Adkins
Shamekia Butts
Daylan Lightfoot
Crystal Hubbard
Kim Johnson
Alex Johnson
Travis Johnson
Jennifer Miller
Angel Raymer
Katie Raymer
Amanda Raymer
Kandy Philpott
Natalie Plumlee
Mary Rippy
TJ Shockley
Chance Hunt
Ruby West
Summer West
Amber Boman
Brianna Boman
Christopher Boman
Daphne Davidson
TreVon Allen
CJ Allen

Jane Olmsted, Camp Coordinator
Michelle Glorioso, Assistant Camp Coordinator
Crystal Kaya, Women's Camp Coordinator
Sara Herndon, Kids' Camp Coordinator

Camp Counselors

Jacqueline Adams
Don Bacon
Mary Ann Bokkon
Jessica Bonneau
Lydia Dowell

Megan Green
Skylar Jordan
Adrienne Ledbetter
Nik Mabry
Heather McKinney

Megan Newsome,
Casey Olmsted
Jillian Palovich
Maegan Renick
Melissa Rickman
Sara Smith



Special Thanks

Women & Kids Learning Together Summer Camp is a joint venture of WKU's Women's Studies Program and the Housing Authority of Bowling Green. Our primary funders are Dollar General, WKU's Provost's Initiatives for Excellence, and Kentucky Foundation for Women.

Additional support from Aramark, Buffalo Wild Wings, Hats Galore & More, Housing & Residence Life @ WKU, Dr. Thomas Littner, N' Style, Regina Webb Hair Salon, Shutterbug Photo, WKU's Bookstore.

The following individuals contributed their time and talent with generosity:

Christina Anderson, lunch speaker
 "Big Red," dance party
 Jeanie Adams-Smith, photo-workshop
 Kristi Branham, camp coordinator in-training
 David Coffey, masks workshop
 Kim Cunningham, interviewing workshop
 Dawn Hall, yoga
 Adam Henze, Greenhouse Poetry
 Lynne Holland, goal-setting workshop
 Janet Holloway, Educational Opportunity Center
 Chef Gil Holt, Iron Chef workshop
 Cheryl Hopson, lunch speaker
 Trish Lindsey Jagers, journaling workshop
 Jumping Jaguars (Keith Stokes), jump rope workshop
 Janine Keirnan, music (Just Us)
 Molly Kerby, music (Just Us) and Iron Chef Workshop
 Elizabeth Lyons, financial aid workshop (Bowling Green Technical College)
 Alicia McDaniel, magic show and tie-dye goggle workshop
 Mary Ellen Miller, poetry workshop
 Elizabeth Mohon, WKU counselor
 Susan Morris, drumming workshop, music (Just Us)
 Elizabeth Oakes, poetry workshop
 John Oakes, Drawing Hands workshop
 Katie Reynolds, counseling services
 Kimberly Reynolds, lunch speaker
 Ann Smith, make-up stylist
 Elaine Walker, BG mayor, guest speaker
 Numerous clothing donors



Jane Olmsted



Michelle Glorioso



Sara Herndon



Molly Kerby



Kristi Branham



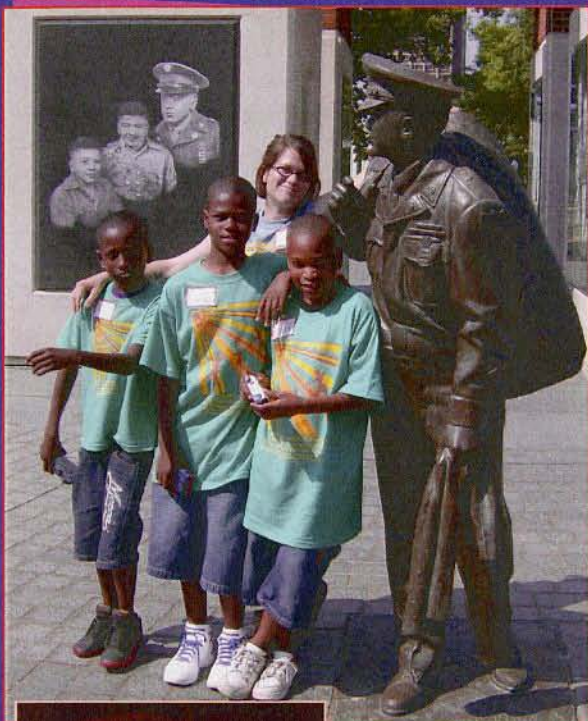
Crystal Kaya



Trish Lindsey Jagers

This memories book is a gift from Women's Studies at Western Kentucky University to you...

Compiled by Crystal Kaya
 Photographs by Camp Coordinators and Camp Counselors



Day 1

Monday, June 2



GETTING started



Photography

with Jeanie Adams Smith





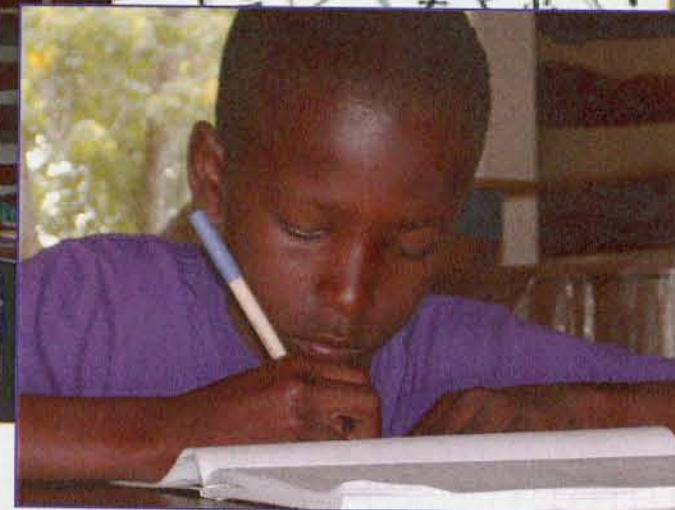
MUSIC

with Susan Morris



POETRY

with Green House Poetry Inc.



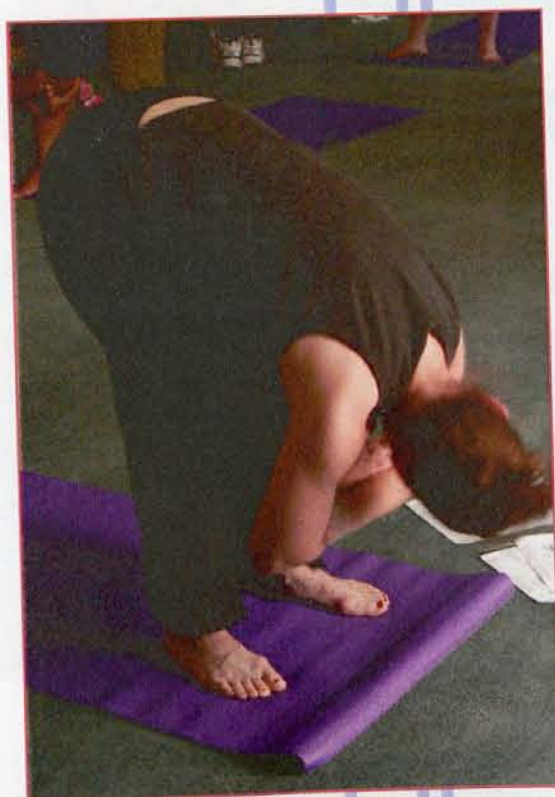


Journaling

with Trish Lindsey Jagers



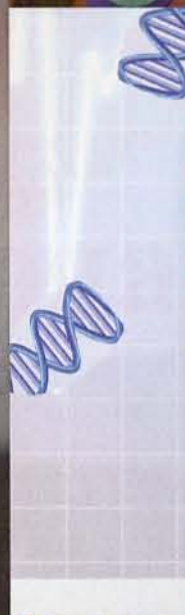
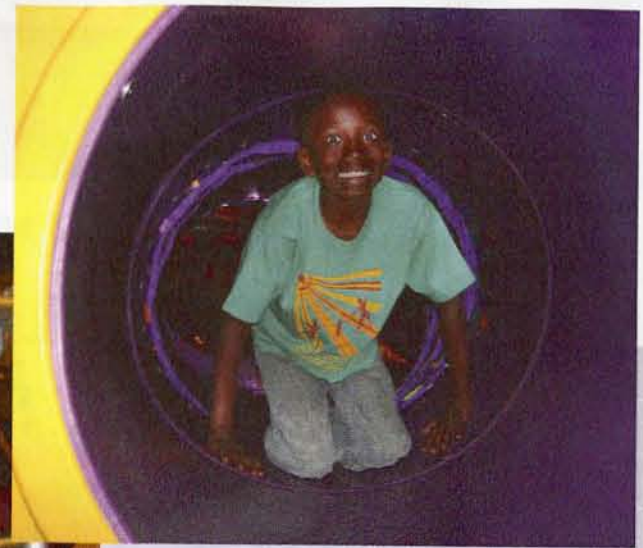
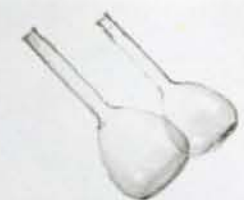
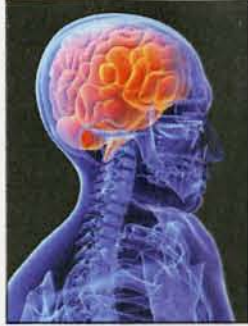
Yoga



Day 2
Tuesday, June 3



ADVENTURE SCIENCE CENTER



Iron Chef

with Chef Gill Holts and Molly Kerby



A Conversation with Mayor Elaine Walker



Interviewing with Kim Cunningham

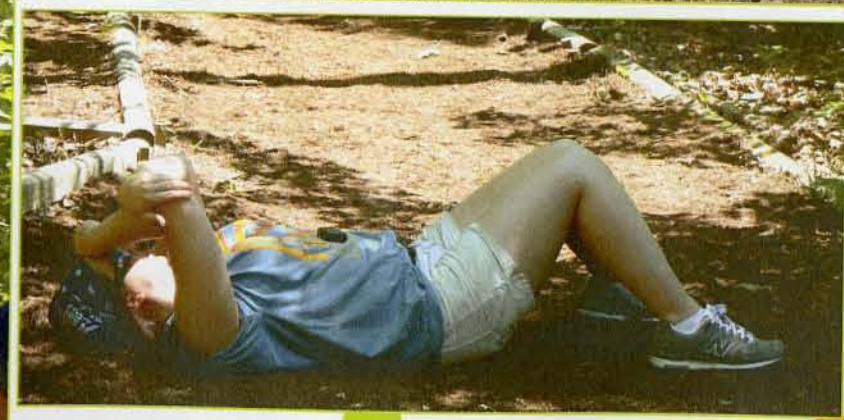


Day 3

Wednesday, June 4



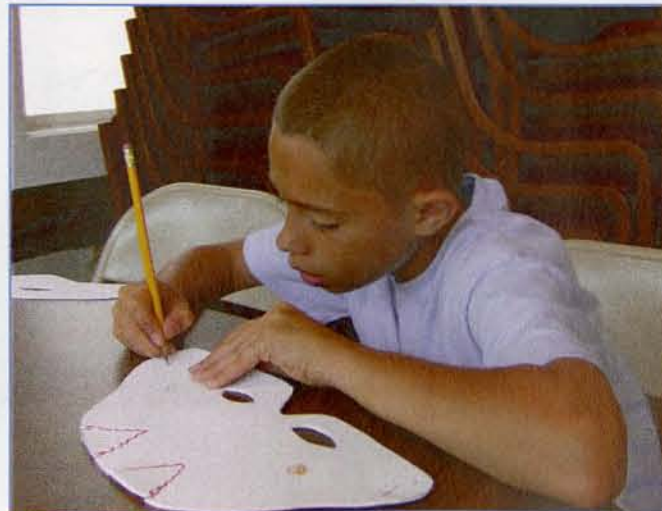
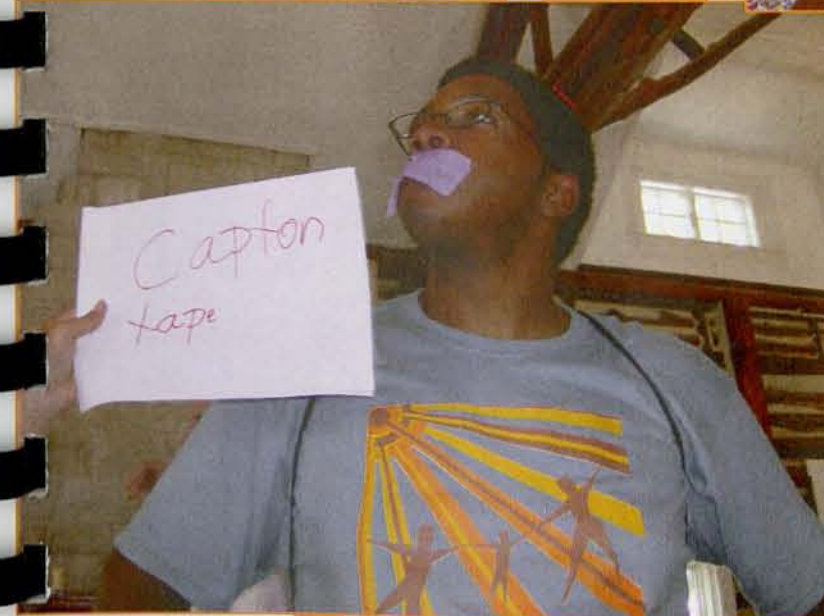
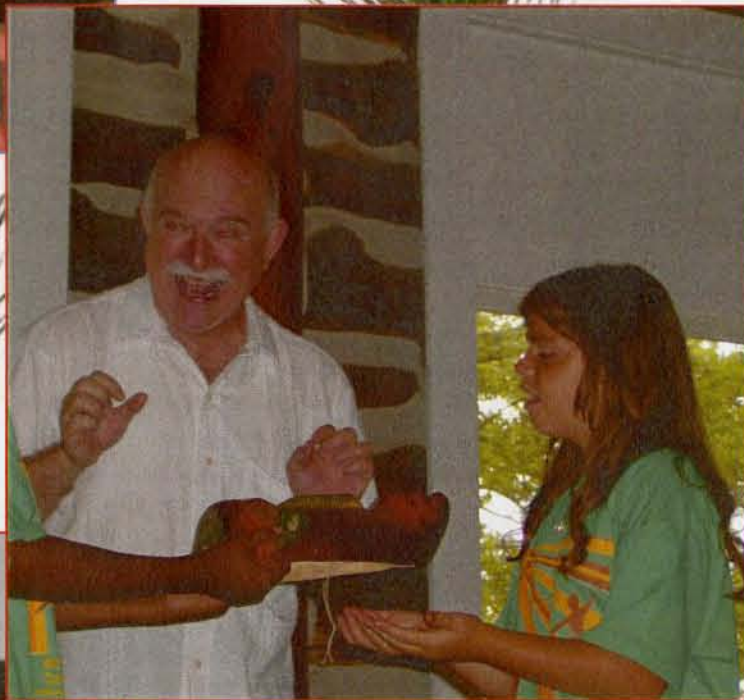
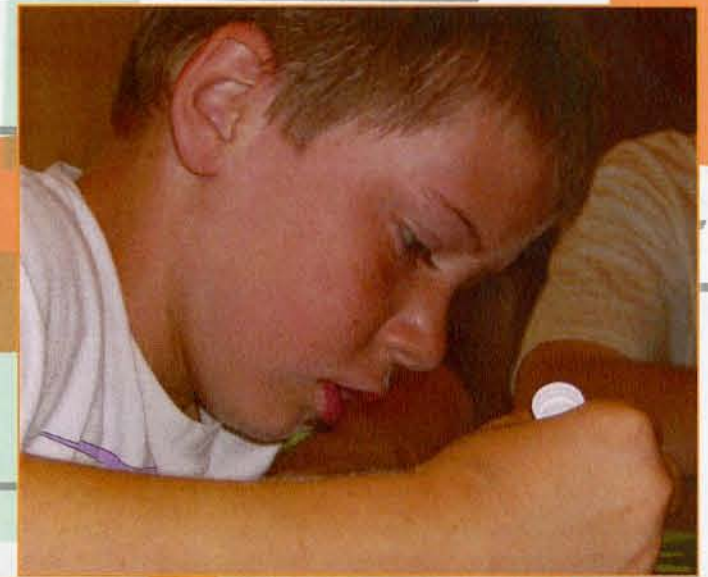
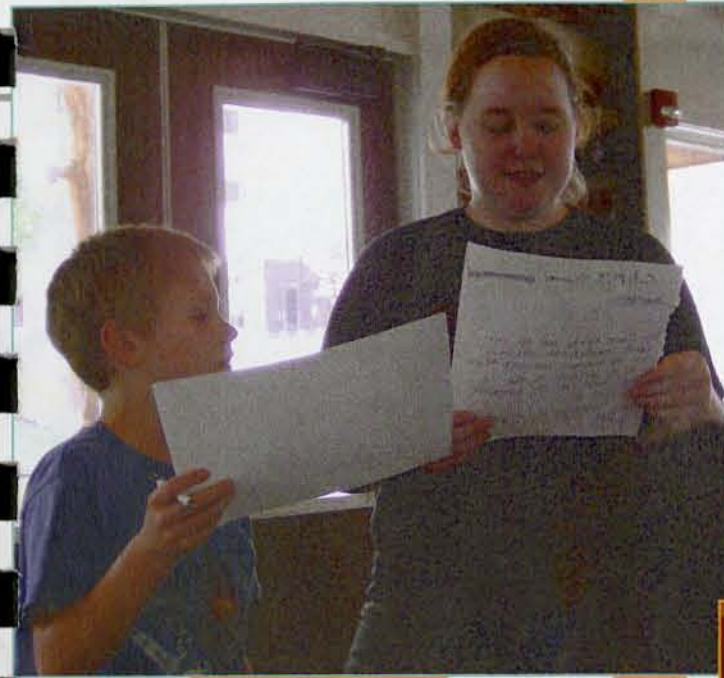
CAMP LOUCON



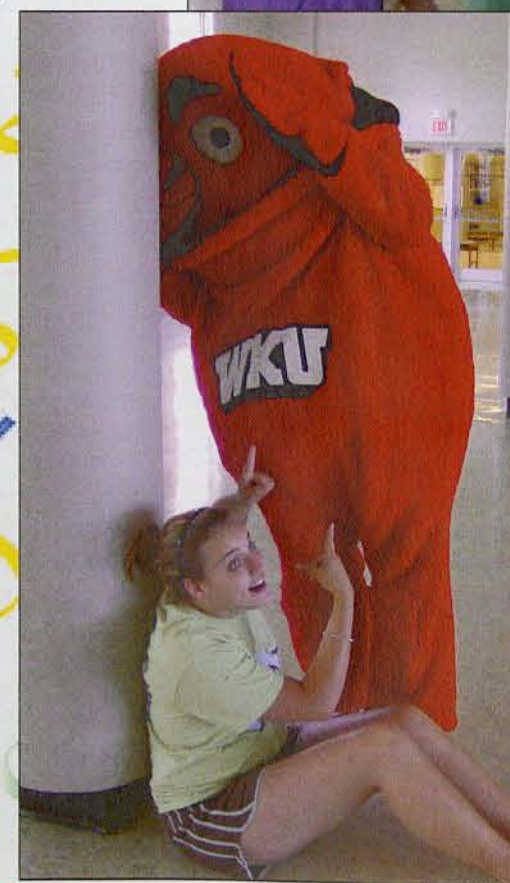
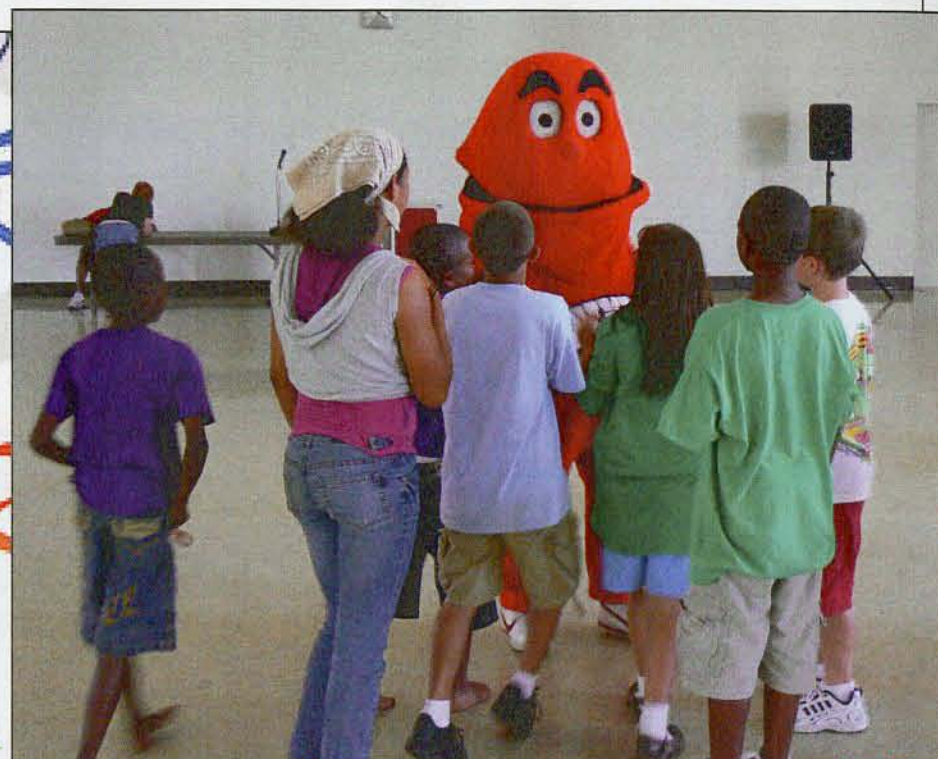
Masks

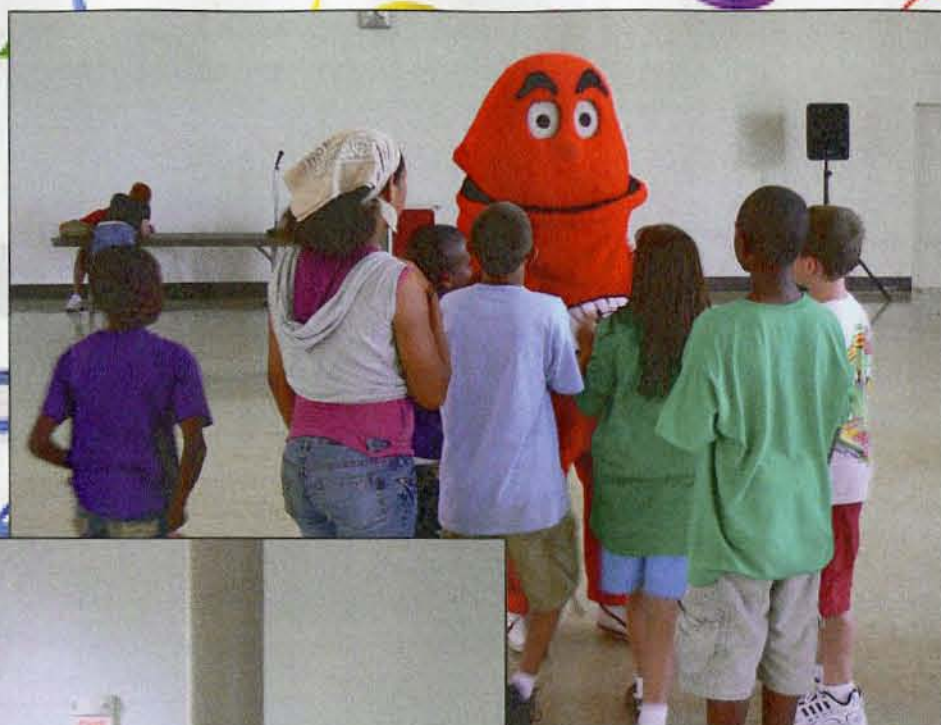


with David Coffey



DANCE PARTY





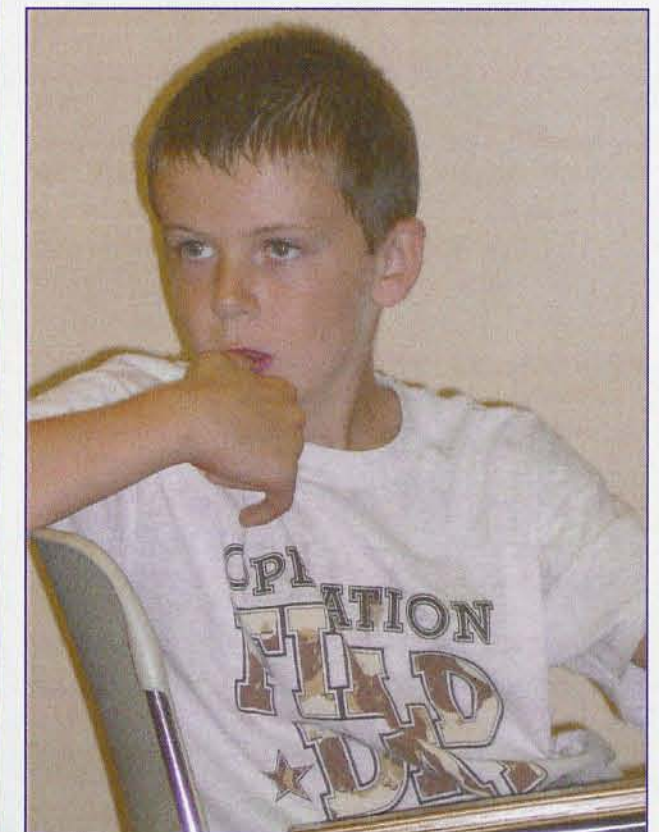
Day 4

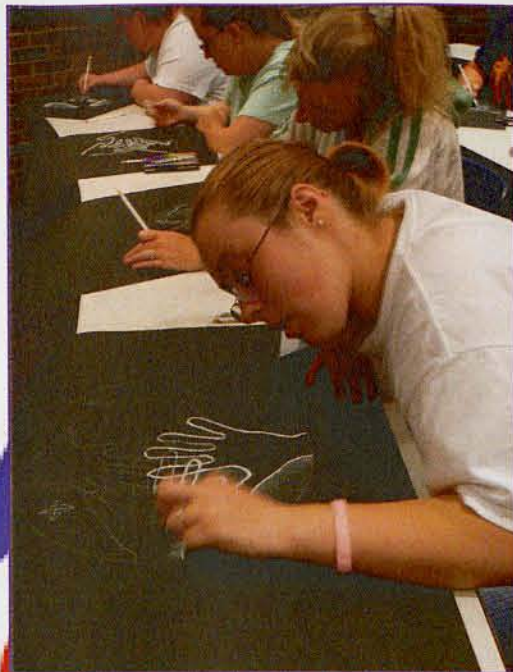
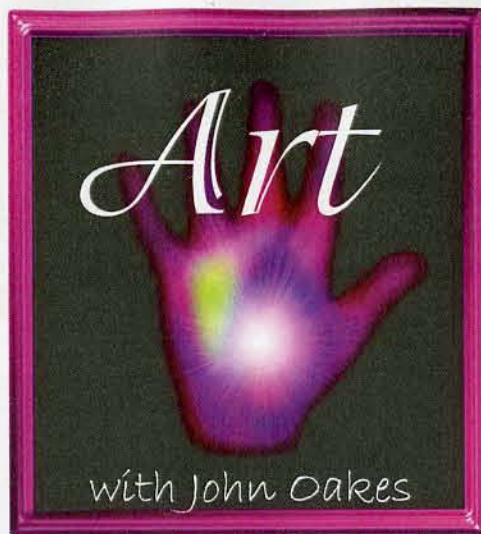
Thursday,
June 5



Jumping Jaguars

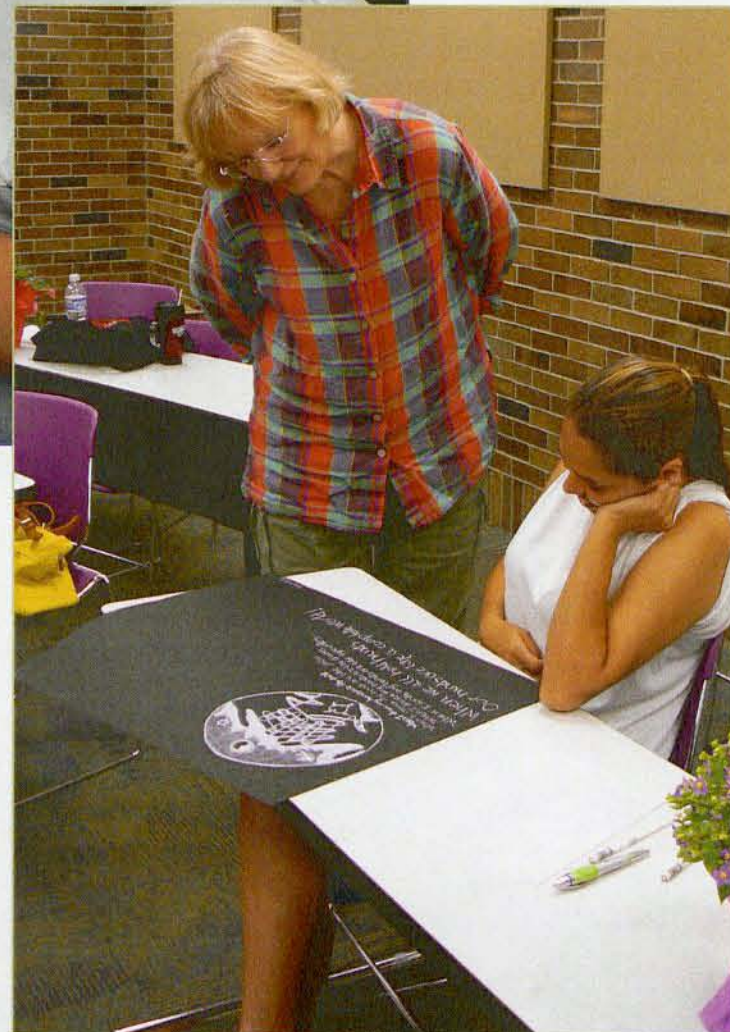
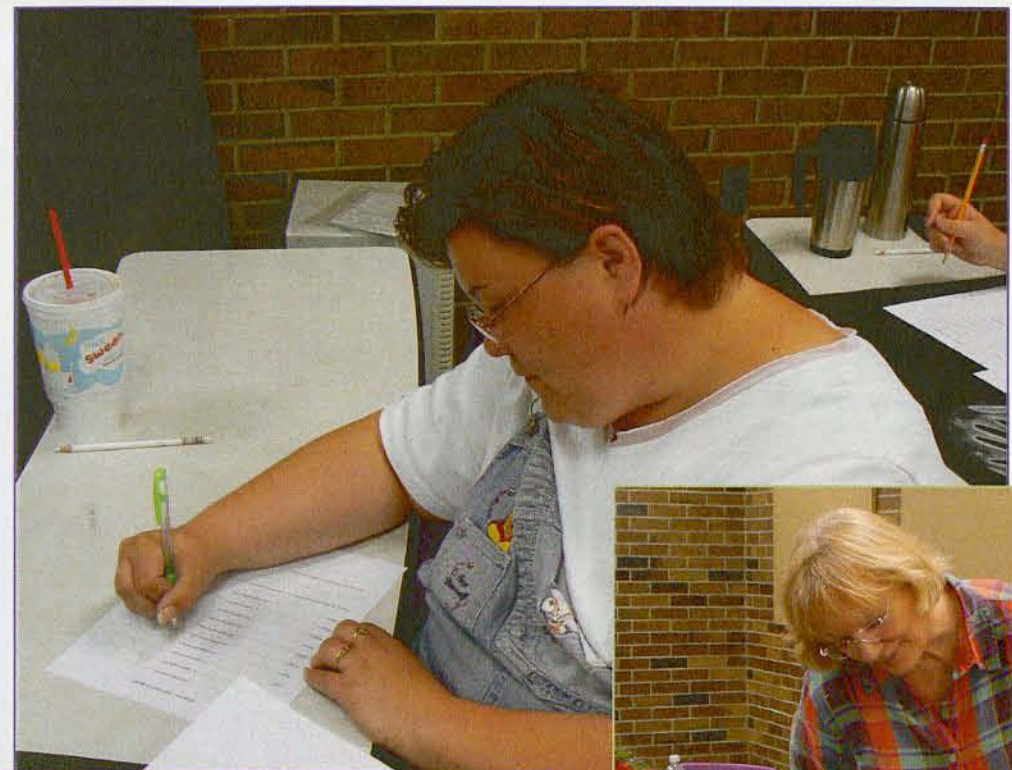
Quiet Moments





Poetry

with Elizabeth Oakes





Beading

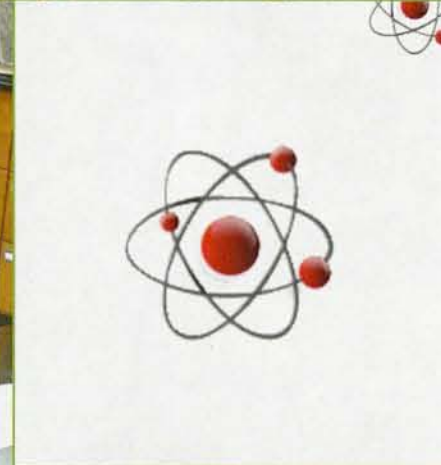


Day 5
Friday, June 6



Science

with Alicia McDaniel

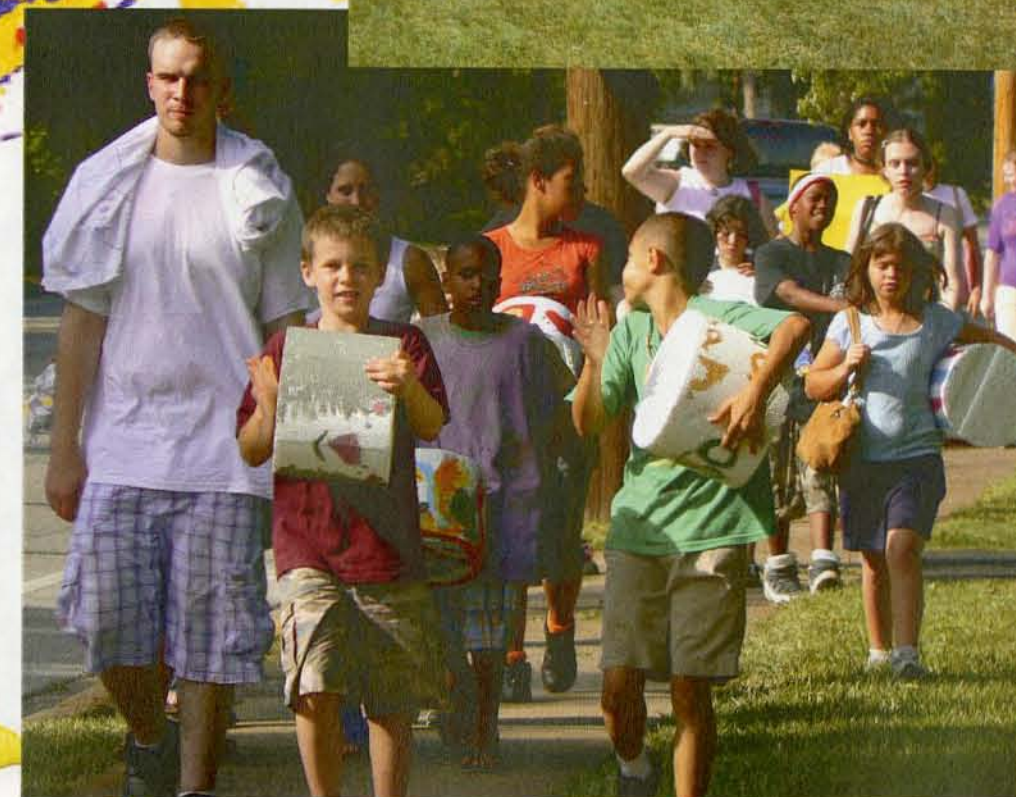




Tie Dye



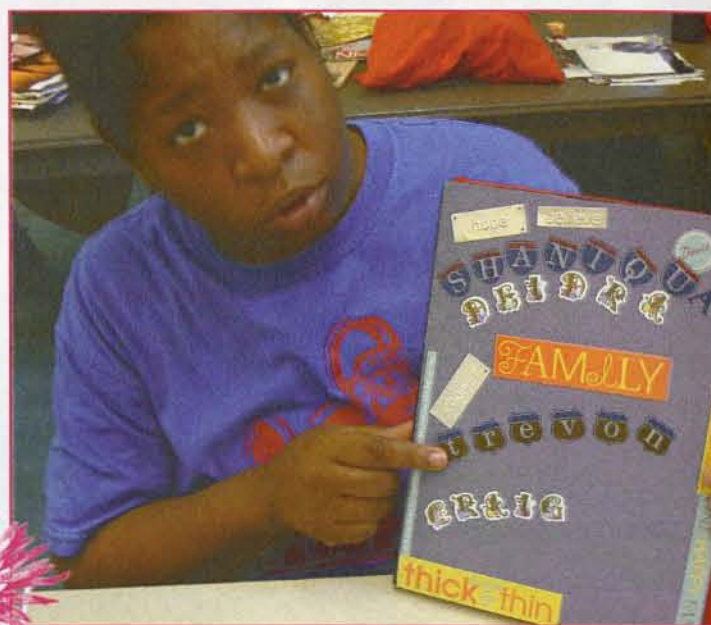
TOTEM POLE



You're Beautiful



*Journal Decorating
& Music from Just Us*



Graduation





Counselors



Jane Olmsted
Camp Coordinator



Sara Herndon
Kids' Camp Coordinator



Michelle Glorioso
Assistant Camp Coordinator



Crystal Kaya
Women's Camp Coordinator



Mary Ann Bokkon
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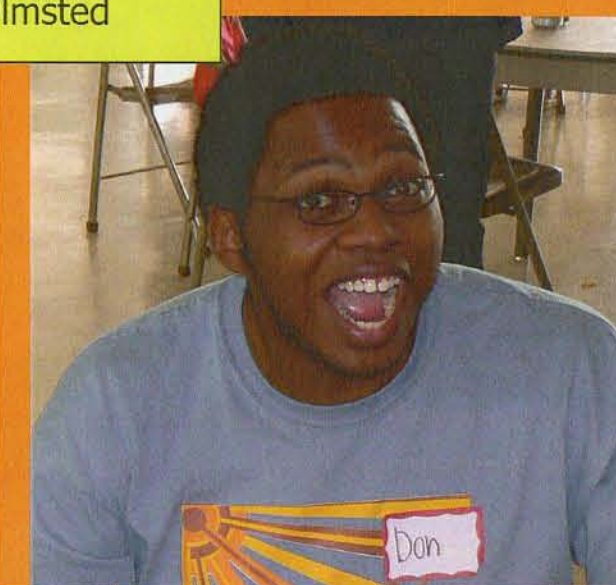
Lydia Dowel



Casey Olmsted



Kat Michael



Don Bacon



Megan Renick



Melissa Rickman



Kristy Branham
Camp Coordinator in training



Heather McKinney



Jacqueline Adams



Adrienne Ledbetter



Skylar Jordan



Nik Mabry



Jillian Palovich



Sara Smith

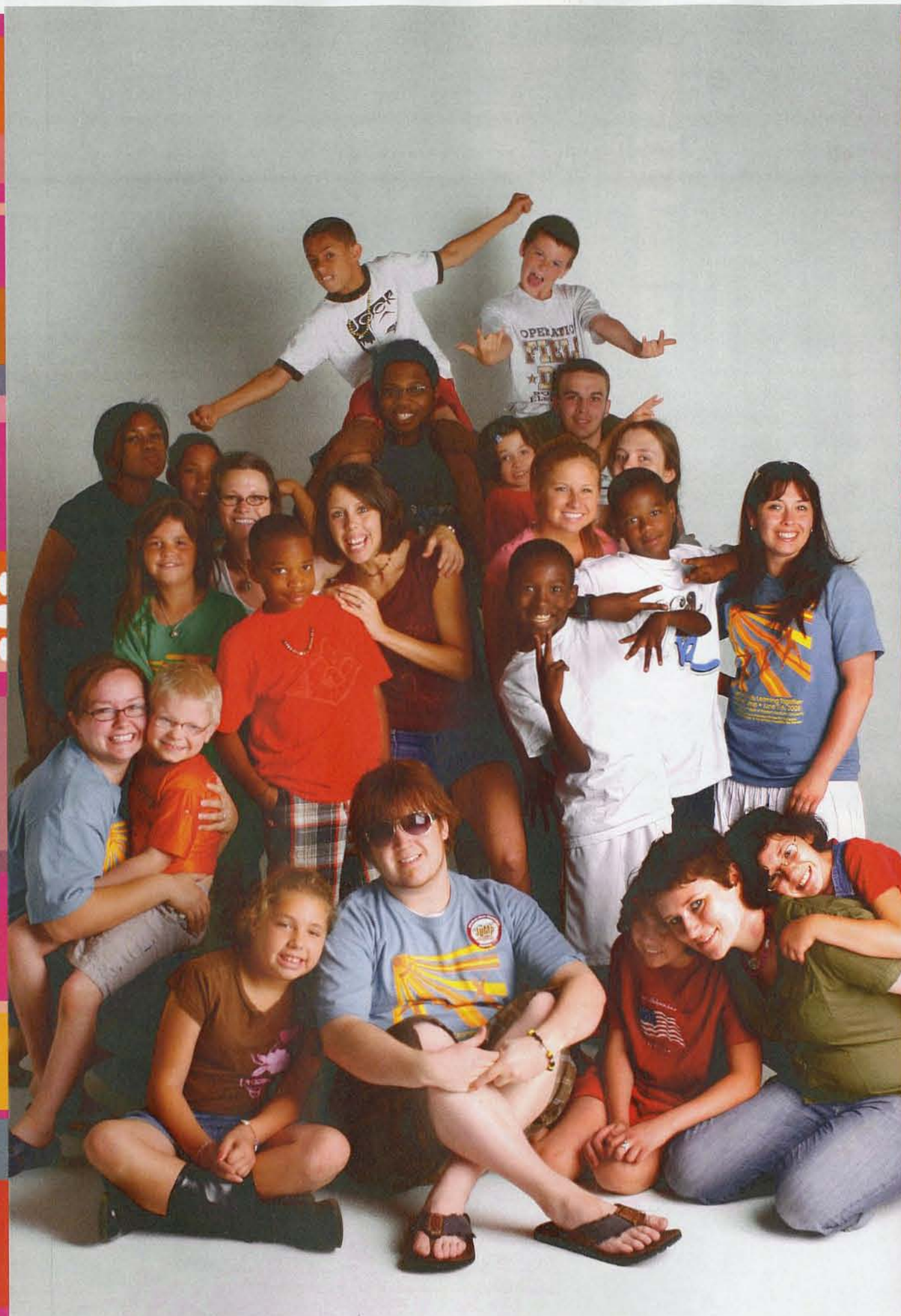


Megan Green

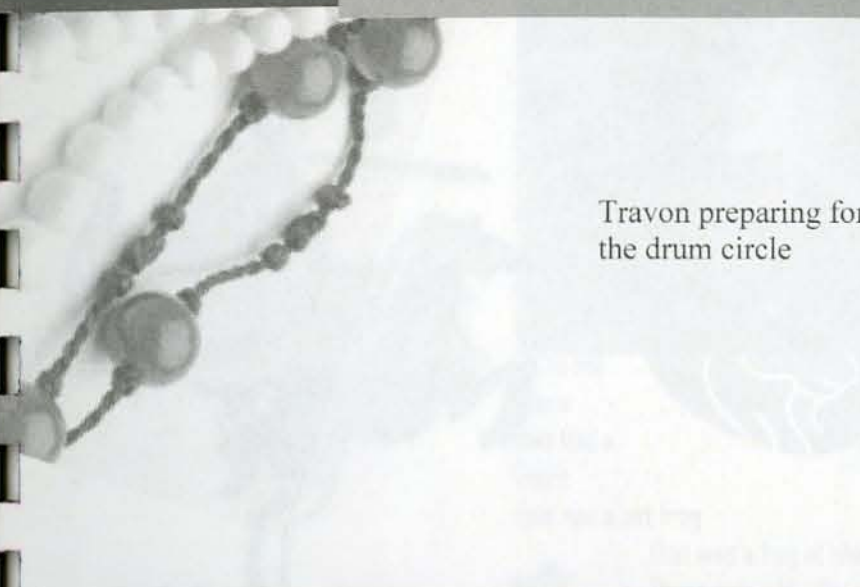
Group Pictures



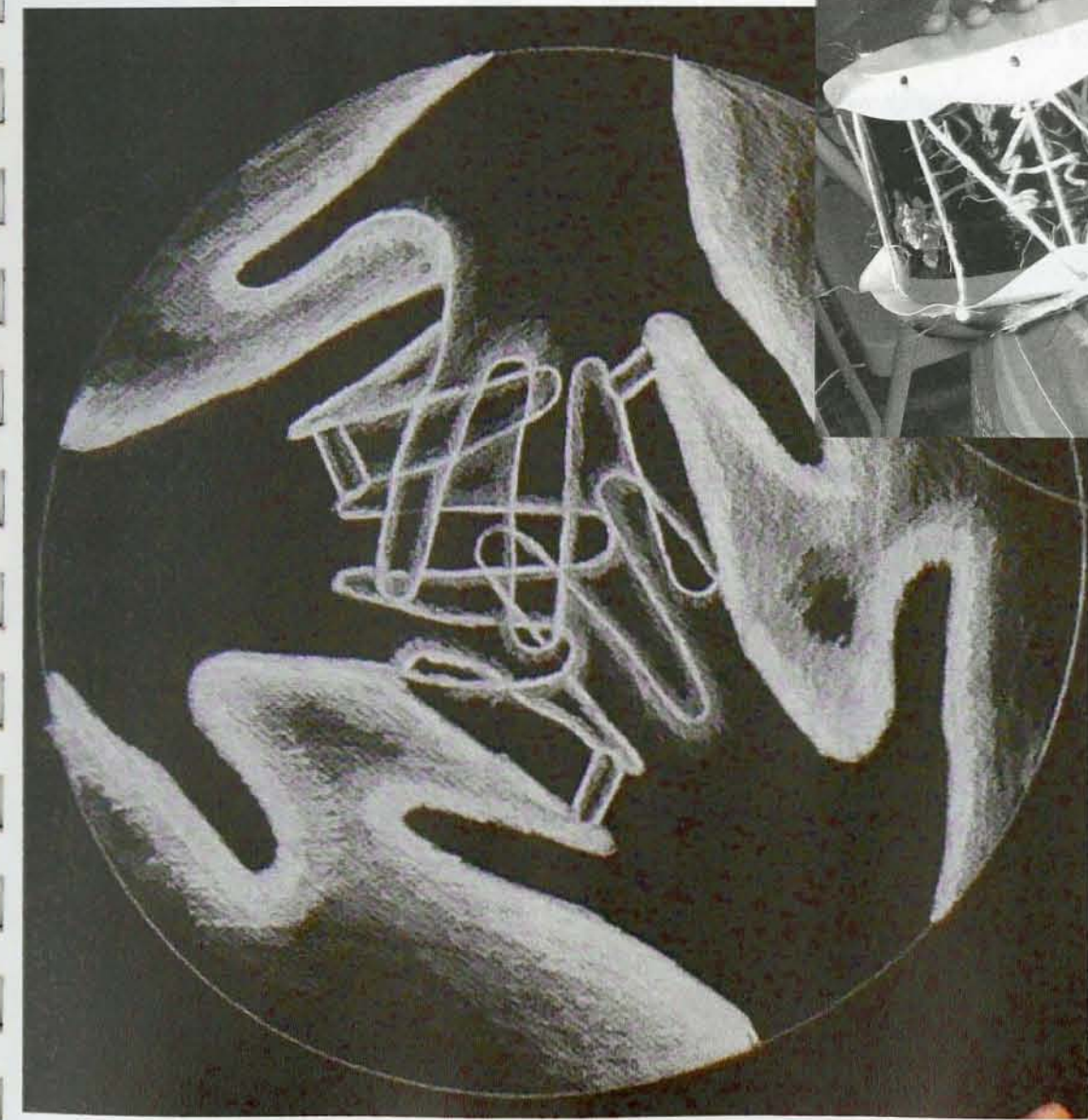
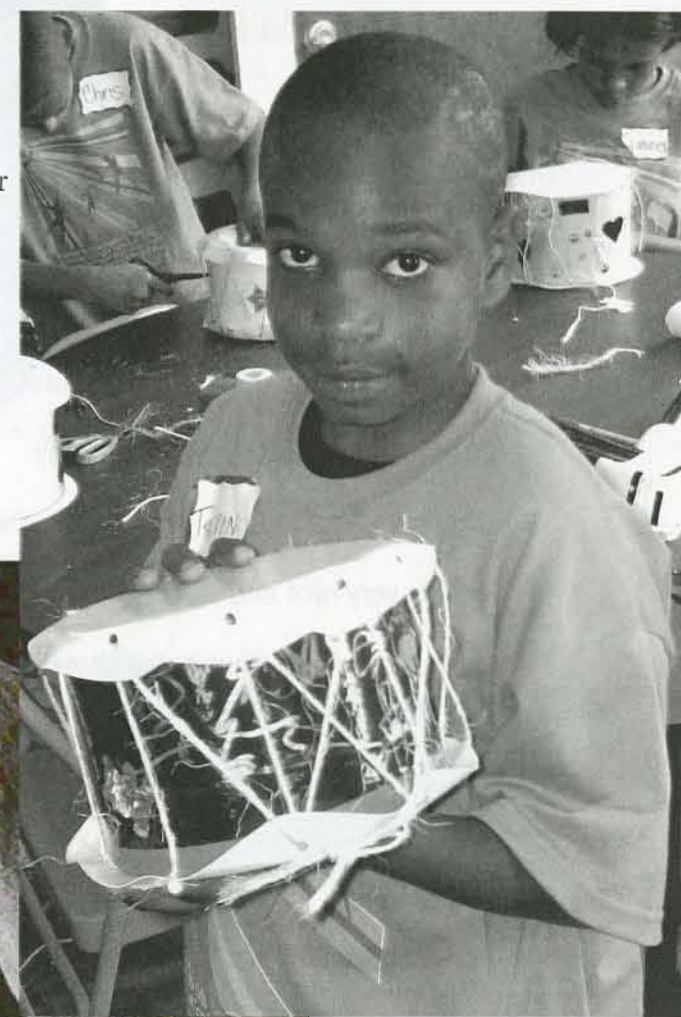




ANTHOLOGY



Travon preparing for the drum circle



Illuminating Hands workshop

Sight: See saddle By Amanda Raymer

The color is brown
My horse is two years old
My horse is very nice
I won a horse show because
We did it together

My horse stays at Buck Creek
Stable
and he gets feed and apples and carrots

My horse won the horse show yesterday

I will ride my horse today

My horse is very nice and sweet

I would like to win another horse show!



Smokey By Katie Raymer

The only thing I can feel when I ride Smokey is
I know I can do anything and I feel freedom. I
feel safe when I ride Smokey. I
like the way he is so sweet to me.



Yesterday I went to a horse
show with my family. Amanda won a drinking kool-
aid race, and in the rescue race Mom picked up
Angel Frist and Angel was really on the horse but
when Mommy picked me up and Mommy almost
fell off but she didn't and everyone cheered for
us, it made me feel good to hear them cheer for me. Horses are
my favorite animals.



Animal Poem By Chance Hunt

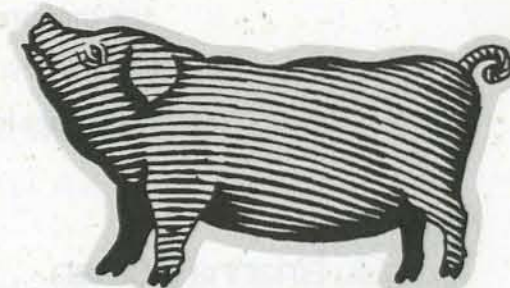
There was a pig wearing a wig
and canoeing a jig
also there,
dressed as
Maybe
dead
He heard a
so he fell
There
that had a
There
that had a pet frog



was a dog in a fog
a hog.
there could be a sheep
asleep
beep and he had a creep
right asleep.
could have been a goat
soar throat.
could have been hog



that was a hog at sharing the fog.
There was a bluejay who was stuck
in some hay and he had to pay
because he lost the day.
There was a bee who loved
to see
the sea and had a pet flea.
There was a bug who got a hug
from a rug and he dug because he got
hugged from a mug
that looked like a bug.



There was a guy who got by
the security guy.
There was a dude
who got in a bad mood
so he got no food
There was a man who had a
van
and he lived in Afghanistan.



I like to play outside By Brianna Boman



I like to play outside with my friends.
And they play with me.
Sometimes they come to my house
and I go to theirs, too. And they
are nice to me, so I am nice to them.
I let them do what they want, but not bad.
They are good, and so I am good to
them
and they play like a good
friend,
and when they need a

friend I
will be their friend.
And they are so so so nice
Like my best best best friend
I knew her for more than two years



And she is nice, but I am nice to
her, too.

My Dog By Brianna Boman

I was happy when I had a dog.
She made me happy when she first came.
She was nice and she was playing
with for me. and she was the best dog
I had and I had her for two years.



My Mom By Brianna Boman

My mom was having me. It was fun
to be born. My mom had my brother
when she was in the bathroom.



Mom

By Amber Boman

Mom is here and there is no fear.
She cares for me so she is always
Here. Sometimes she is gone.
Sometimes we get along.

She is here. I am there.
We are everywhere.
If something is wrong we
Sing a song. Or leave this
Place but
not for
long.

Even
though I
grow old
It's me
she'll al-
ways hold
She gives me confidence.
She's made me bold.



Dracula

By Amber Boman



Suck blood.
Sleep in caskets.
Only go out at night.
Get free capes.
Kill bad people.
Tatoos on my face.

My Fashion Story By Amber Boman

One day I had a wish that I got all the
clothes I wanted and I had this stage in
my room and I
walked out with all
kinds of dresses,
skirts, shirts,
pants, and all of
that good stuff.
Other things I like
about fashion is
make-up, jewelry,



and shoes.



super power By Summer West

if i could have a super power then it would be invisible powers cuz i could take what eva wanted -n- i could trick people like my brother -n- sisters but then if we play hide-n-seek i might fall in da mud -n- dey will find me. and if I'm really good then they won't find me @ all. and when i go to beach bend or something like that i could sneak a bracelet and could ride every ride i want.



Mom

By Summer West

Mom is great,
She bakes me cake,
She's sometimes cool,
She acts like a fool,
She can dance to songs
and she plays ping pong.



She can get some money
and she can be funny,
She also likes to eat honey,
She's like a dove that's in lux.

Money By Summer West

Money iz funny
You can buy honey
You can buy clothes



You can pose or you
Can stick out ur toes
You can wrinkle ur nose



By Ruby West, June 6, 2008

I know I am supposed to share something ♥ I have done, but as you've seen from the others we have had a wonderful time here at camp. I am doing something a little different . . .

The women of 2008 would like to recognize Jane Olmsted for inspiring us to keep moving up to the top. She is an inspiration to all of us women & counselors at the Women & Children Camp for 2008. So here are a few words picked from each individual at this year's camp to describe her .



So .

"As you see
we all agree
She is a great leader
who has taught us to be indeed Free . . ."

Awesome
Audacious
Amazing
Sweet
Inspiring
Compassionate
Thriving
Imaginative

Funny
A Hoot
Powerful
Tough
Tenacious
Mentor
Catalyst
and Special

My Hands

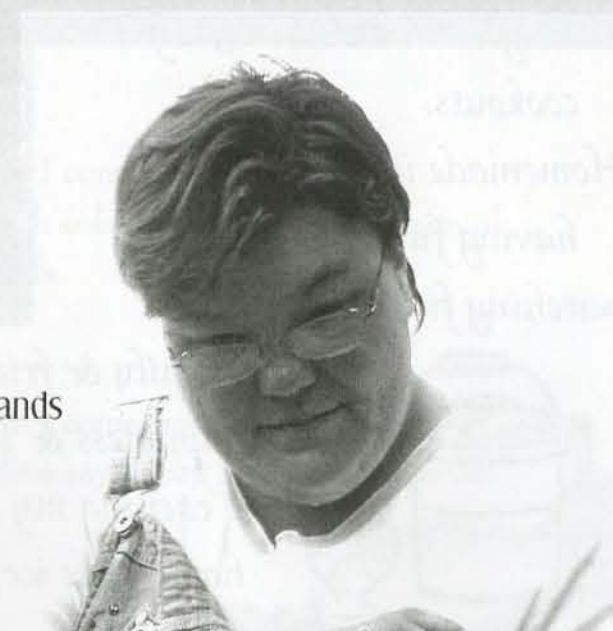
By Mary Rippy

When I pray, my hands



are on fire.

are like a temple
When I'm sad, my hands
are like a weeping willow
When I write, my hands
are inspirational
When I'm in charge, my hands
are like a hammer
When I love, my hands

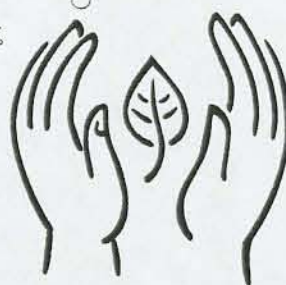




By Kandy Philpott

When I am holding the hand
of the man I love
my hands are soaking up the strength.

When I am worried about my child
my hands are like stars
watching over them



Where I Come From

By Kim

Where I come from is
watching birds in the spring.
Eating watermelon at July 4th
cookouts.

Homemade ice cream & kids
having fun
watching fireworks.



Family & friends gathering together to celebrate
happiness & independence.
Teaching my kids what it is like to make their own
homemade ice cream.



Where

I



Come



From



By Crystal Hubbard

Where I come from is the
warm place in my mother.

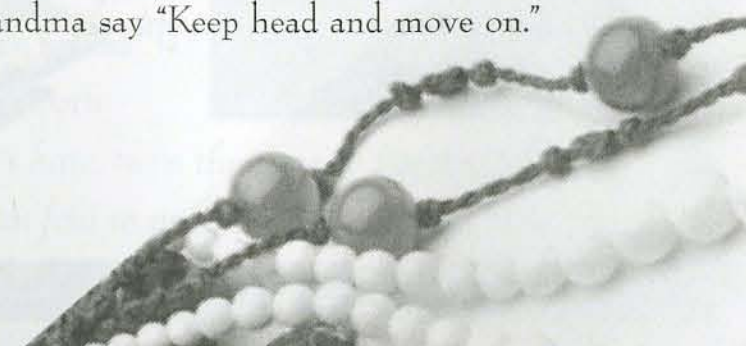
Where I come from is coming
and going from house to house.

Where I come from is hearing my
mother putting me down to feeling
her slap me around.

Where I come from is hearing
yelling when I go to bed to hearing my
little sister cry "Stop Momma."

Where I come from is the smell
of peach cobbler cooking to the taste of
RC Cola.

Where I come from is listening to my
grandma say "Keep head and move on."



Hands

By Jennifer Adkins

When I feel sad my hands
are like my cover
When I talk my hands are like
leaves blowing in the wind
When I am angry my hands
are like stone
When I hold my daughter
my hands are her shield
When I am alone
and my
day is done, they
then
become my pillow



By Jennifer Miller

When I draw, my hands
are a window to my soul
When we touch hands
we are at peace
When we are lonely, our hands
are like a beacon of light
waiting for rescue
When we touch our hands
are a wand revealing the magic



By Kristi Branham

When I teach my hands are like a river
When I dance my hands are like tambourines
When I am angry my hands are like an elec-
tric thunderstorm
When I hold the hand of the one I love
our hands are like a hot
fudge sundae
When I am happy my
hands are like jazz
When I pray my hands
are a still pond



My Hands

By Mary Ann Bokkon

Can't play the piano, but they can hold the steering wheel to drive all night to the coast, arriving home in time to wade into the Atlantic and see tiny, red horns of a New Moon rise just before the sun. They can play a rowdy Tori Amos solo. On the computer keys, making words, sentences, stories. Moving numbers, column to column. They can knit, making baby blankets and scarves like Charlotte made her webs. They can cook, slicing strawberries & turning bacon. I wear silver on them, and amber, and pearls. They can aim a camera, a De-Walt, and a rifle. They can knead dough, smooth Dorian's hair, turn the page of Paddington Bear. They can fold to pray. They can write "I love you." And I do.





Where I Come From

By TJ Shockley

I am from hauling hay, working
horses, cutting tobacco
From hard work and sweat
I'm from foal'n time at the barn
anxiously wearing a path, many times daily, to the barn—awaiting new
arrivals and
soft babies with long legs—too high to eat
I'm ruffles to rawhide
From fishing and hunting and the great outdoors
From summer nights when the cool breeze blew across my bed
from the open window
From clear nights and starry skies—when you realize you are a
tiny dot in a vast universe
A train whistle blowing in the distance across the field
I'm from blessings and love—from arguments to chaos
From the smell of fresh-baked bread on Thursday—the smell of
sourdough—as I get off the school bus
I could smell all the way from the end of the driveway
I'm from motherhood, daughterhood, womanhood, significant otherhood,
friendhood
And sometimes just plain hood
I'm from the poor—yet so rich in love, blessings and family
I'm from helping others and needing help
I'm from respect
I'm from a Korean War Veteran and a city girl



By Daphne Davidson

When I hold the hands of my children our hands
are like a never-ending story
When I cry, my hands are like a weeping willow
When I am scared, my hands are my shields
When I talk, my hands are like signs
When I pray, my hands are like God watching over

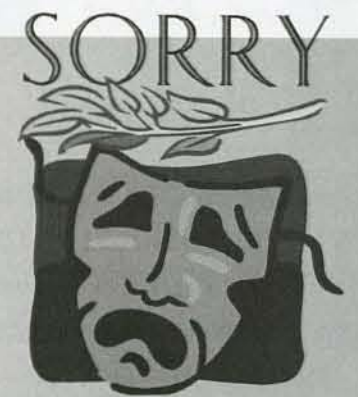


Letter of apology from one of the children:

I am sorry Jacke

Sorry Camp
Sorry Brothers and Sisters for being disrespectful
Sorry Jane

Sorry camp leaders sorry brother and sisters for being disrespectful and
sorry Jane for being disrespectful to Jacke. And thank you for doing this
camp for us. Sorry Jane and also Jacke and sorry to the camp leaders. I am
sorry.





By Shamekia
 When I feed my children my hands are like a spoon for them
 When I hold my child's hands, they are a shield
 When I hold my partner's hand, my hands are a force for togetherness
 When I pray, my hands are my faith
 When I hold my child's hands, my hands are like a chain for them
 When I hug my child, my hands are love for them
 When I cry or my kids cry, my hands are like a cloth to wipe away the fallen tears

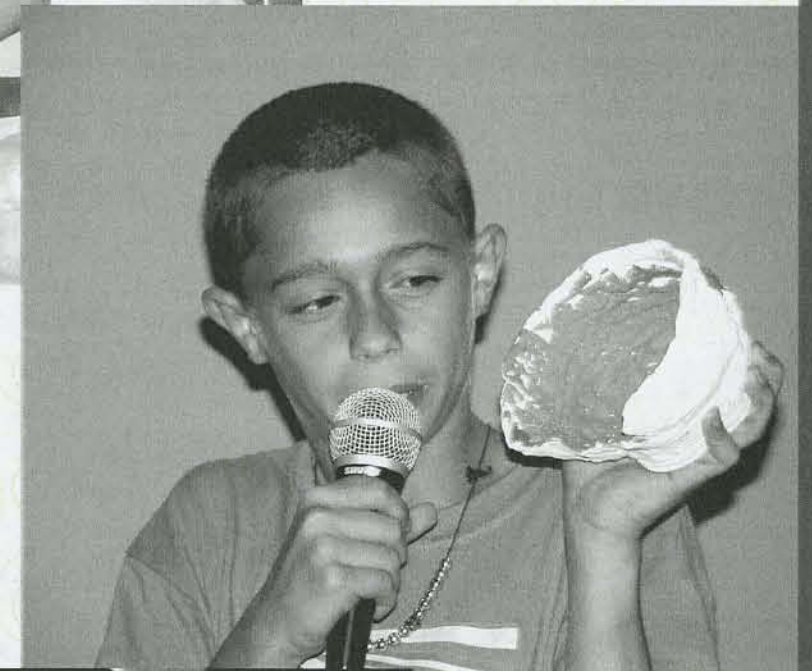


By Natalie

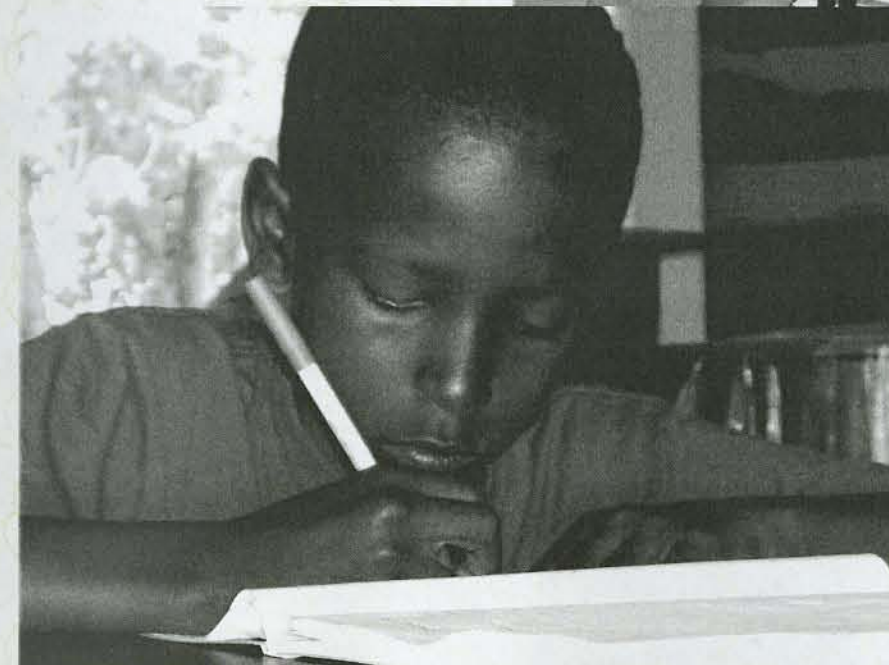
*My hands are tools of creation
 My fingers are Band-Aids of compassion
 When angry, my nails are like reluctant blades
 My hands are my anchor to reality and my wings in a daydream
 My hands are complex machines magical reeds bouncing off the piano keys
 When I hold the hand of someone I love, my hands become electrically charged tree roots*



Angel



Chris



CJ

